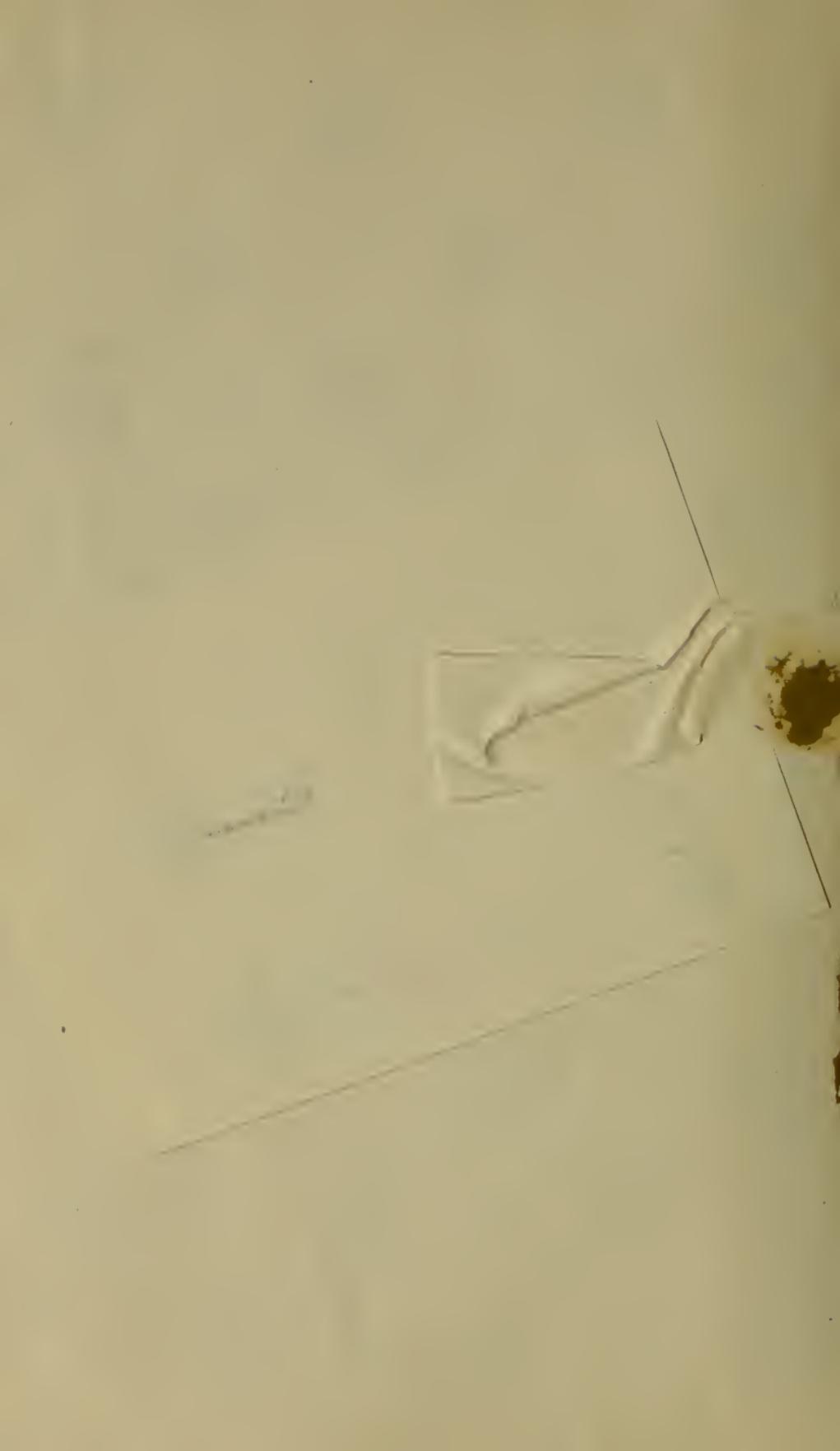


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An Irish-American Play,

ENTITLED:



The Maid of Many Lovers

BY OR

When all Fruits Fail,
Welcome Haws.

The Maid

BY

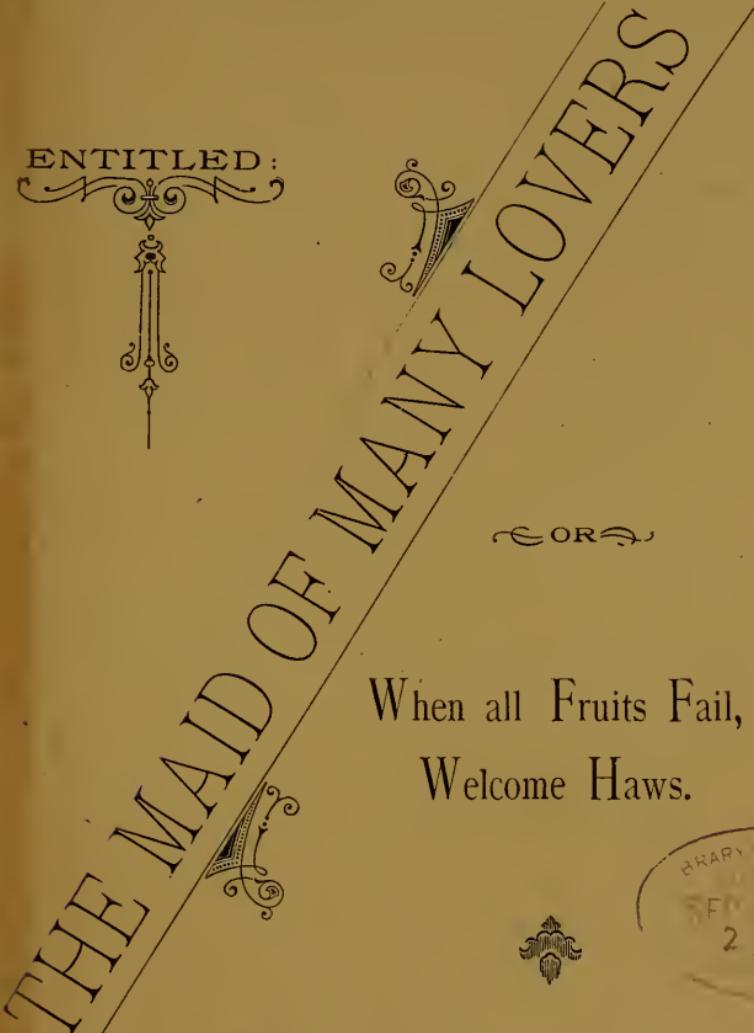
MAURICE M. MURRAY, COULTERVILLE, CAL.

AUTHOR OF THE "PHOENIX PARK SONGSTER."





An Irish-American Play,



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STOCKTON, CAL.:
EVENING MAIL STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINT.
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THE MAID OF MANY LOVERS,

—OR—

When all Fruits Fail, Welcome Haws.

INTRODUCTION.

The Subject of the Play is the Widow McDermet and her most beautiful and attractive daughter Dora. Miss Dora must be very coquettish with all her lovers, most of the time dressed bewitchingly simple. She wears a very short dress, displaying her beautiful leg and foot. The scenery must disclose a nice cottage embosomed amongst green bushes and shade trees.

SCENE ONE.

Miss Dora is seen at the wash tub ; she rubs a moment, wipes her hands and advances toward the foot-lights.

Dora—Oh ! How I'd like to be washing my husband's shirts and jumpers, and keeping his buttons in good. Well, I'm looking pretty rough. I wonder if my lover Dan will be here to-day ?

Mother enters.

Mother—Oh! Dora, dear; you'll be afther catch-ing cold.

Dora—Never mind, dear mother; as long as you don't scold,

I dread no cold, I feel no storm;
For my young heart keeps me warm.

Mother—Well that's all right, my dear; but I heard you say "jumpers," and all *poor* men wear jumpers—miners and laborers. I'd have you hold your head higher, my dear. You will never marry a poor man with my consent.

Dora—Well, mother, I'll do the best I can,
But here comes my lover Dan.

Enter Dan, with paint brush and pot in hand and a white apron on; lays down the paint pot, holding the brush in his hand; salutes Dora and her mother; they all shake hands, and Dan kisses Dora and whispers to her that he would soon go to the mines; the old lady gets her face close to them, and as Dan disengages from Dora the paint brush is brought across the old lady's face. She acts a little mad, and Dan pulls off his apron and wipes the paint off, but the old lady pushes him away; Dora runs to the wash tub, brings a wet cloth and wipes her mother's face. In the meantime Dan is making all kinds of apologies.

Mother—You had better be off to your work, Dan. [Shakes her cane at him.]

Dan puts his brush in the pot and advances to shake hands with Dora; the old lady gets between them; they hold each other's hands; the old lady shakes her head.

Mother—Get off to your work Dan, none of that sweet humming-bird business in my presence.

Dora—Oh! Mother, Dan is going to the mines.

Mother—Oh! bother, let him go.

Dora and Dan drop their hands and pull out their handerchiefs; waiving adieu to each other; Dora wipes her eyes; feels languid.

Mother—Come, Dora dear, for a walk among the wild flowers [clasping Dora's hand]. I know how it is—I was young myself once [puts her hand up to her sombre looking cap]. Come, dear, come.

[THE CURTAIN DROPS.]

SCENE TWO.

As the curtain rises, Dora, who appears to be in a hurry, meets her mother.

Mother—Where are you going, dear?

Dora—Oh! Mother, I thought I heard music. Might I marry a musician? You know I'm sweet sixteen to-day.

Mother—Yes, my dear. A mechanic, a musician, a merchant, a gentleman, or anybody with a good bank account. But no sailors or soldiers unless they have a title above a private or a shell-back.

Dora—Well, Mother, I rather like sailors. You know father was one, and he made you comfortable and was a good father.

Mother—My dear, you poor father is dead and gone years ago, and I don't want your lovers to know that your father was a sailor, unless that I could say he commanded a ship. You are handsome, my dear, and your face is a fortune to you. Hold your head up; set your net for big fish, and don't marry the small fry around here.

Dora—Oh! Mother, I like washing and slushing, like you did [picking up her apron at the same time, showing the mother how she could rub—just then a violin begins playing]. Oh! Mother, there's the music I heard—it's a fiddle! It's a fiddle!

Dora dances around her mother; the old lady takes a step or two, then stops and exclaims :

Mother—Oh! Would to heaven I were young again.

Dora—Mother, I wish I had a partner.

Just then in comes Dan; a pipe in his mouth and a shovel on his shoulder; throws down the shovel; salutes the ladies, and starts in dancing a lively step; the dance finished, Dan pulls the pipe out of his mouth; snaps a kiss; picks his shovel up. Exit Dan; the old lady after him with a cane.

[THE CURTAIN DROPS.]

SCENE THREE.

Dora is seen taking a walk among the green bushes; she is dressed in stylish white muslin; dress very low in the neck; a wreath of wild flowers on her head, and wearing a beautiful necklace; a bunch of flowers in her hand. She advances to the foot-lights. Just then a musician comes along, playing the "Young May Moon," or some other lively air. She waves a recognition to him with her bonny bunch of flowers. He takes his hat off, advances, and she smilingly proffers her hand, then gives him a chair.

Dora—I'll give you the choicest flower I've got if you will be kind enough to play me one tune.

Musician—If you give me my favorite, I'll never cease to please you.

Dora—My dear sir, you must have it.

Musician—Well, the flower I wish is the pretty hand that holds the bunch.

Dora—Oh! My dear stranger, I couldn't give you that.

Musician—Why? my dear

Dora—Oh! I have a lover who plows the ocean. Last night I dreamed he came back to me. My bosom swells with fond devotion for my dear Willie away at sea.

Enter post-boy, who hands Dora a letter.

Dora—Oh! My dear little fellow, I'll give you a kiss for that [kisses the letter].

Musician—Bestow one of those sweet kisses on me, and don't be wasting them on the paper.

Dora shakes her head and presses the letter to her heart.
The musician moves as if to leave.

Dora—Call again, stranger.

Musician—Thank you, Miss; I will.

Enter Sailor Bill, her sweetheart.

Sailor—Hello! You land lubber. What do you want here, with this sweet tulip of mine?

The lovers embrace; the musician starts in to rosin his bow.

Sailor—Say, you land shark, play something. But my little primrose, here, will sing one verse first; then I'll give you a step [and he hitches up his pants, sailor like, and shuffles his feet].

Dora sings and Willie helps, with violin accompaniment.

Sailor—

SONG.

Oh ! come, my Dora, come ; the wedding day to name,
For a walk and a talk, down yonder shady lane.
My love for you is boundless ; my heart it does explain.
Lets wander and grow fonder, down yonder shady lane.

Dora—

Oh ! Willie, dear ; you love me and I love Willie, too ;
But the sun is in the west love, and darkness will pursue.
The sun is in the west, and the robins seek their nest ;
But you are my bonnie boy, the lad that I love best.

Sailor—

Then place your hand in mine love, you've won my hand and heart.
You've won your Willie's heart, now never shall we part.

Dora—

We'll walk and talk. Ah ! But mother she would blame.
Pray excuse, if I refuse love, to wander down the lane.

Sailor—

Oh ! Dora, my darling ; your mother is cross and old ;
When she was young and beautiful, she would never scold.
When she was young and beautiful, a comely little dame,
She went larking and sparkling, down yonder shady lane.

Dora—

Oh ! Willie dear, you love me; now linger here along.
I'll share my love all with you, I'll sing my love a song,
For the sun is in the west, sweet birdies all at rest,
But you are, my sailor, the lad that I love best.

Sailor—

Then place your hand in mine love, the one that's next your heart ;
You've won your Willie's heart, now never will we part,
We'll join in holy wedlock, no matter who may frown ;
Don't tarry love, we'll marry love, just as the sun goes down.

Sailor—Well, Dora my dear, I learned to dance
a little on board ship. I'll just show you a few
steps. Come, fiddler, give us something lively.
[Dances sailor's hornpipe.]

SCENE FOUR.

The lovers approach each other from opposite directions, meeting in the center of the stage.

Sailor—How do you do, my angel, my loving, living compass that shapes my destiny and steers me on my course? I wish you could make this last trip with me, Dora. How happy I'd be listening to your beautiful musical voice, and looking at those lovely, laughing top-lights of yours.

Dora—My Willie, darling, what is to be will be, but I long to see your anchor droped for the last time, and hear the joyous wedding bells chime.

Sailor—

Dora, once more I plow the seas all o'er,
And then return to part no more.
Corals and rubies of the richest hue
I'll bring to you, my Dora true.

Now cheer up, old gal [gives his waist a hitch] and we'll have a song.

SINGS.

Oh! the ship it has arrived, love ;
Your Willie has survived, love ;
And soon you'll be my bride, love,
 And we will dwell upon the shore.
For I love you sweet Dora ;
There's no maid before you ;
And now I implore you,
 Your love for ever more.

[The chorus, a waltz air, "Fal the dal," etc., is waltzed by the sailor and Dora.]

Dora—

Oh ! Willie, I have missed thee ;
Oft times thou hath kissed me,
Caressed me and blessed me.

You're the lad I adore,
For my heart it is yours,
And your absence endures,
And love has its cure in wedlock I'm sure.

[Chorus as before.]

Sailor—

Here is my hand and my heart, dear ;
No, Dora love, don't fear ;
O'er the ocean, my darling, the ship I must steer.
But this is the last time
I'll cross o'er the salt brine ;
Then we'll hear the sweet bells chime,
To part love no more.

[Chorus as before.]

Sailor—Now, Dora, the next time we dance, it will be at our own wedding.

Mother enters.

Mother—Not much, if I know myself, and I guess I do. Oh ! my darling pet, I thought that nasty sailor had rolled you up in his dunnage, you were stopping so long.

Sailor—I wish I had, before you came along.
[Lovers laugh.]

Mother—Well, I declare ; if there is anything I detest, it is this sentimental way they have of courting around here.

Sailor—Well, mother-in-law, you were young once, and should not forget it. [The old woman threatens Willie with her cane.]

Mother—You'll come back and marry my Dora, will you. I heard all your sailor nonsense. Now the best thing you can do is to go aboard of your ship. You have not money enough to marry my daughter. Your money goes for rum and tobacco. I know what sailors are. [Pulls out her snuff-box and takes a pinch; shakes a little all round herself] Oh, dear! pitch and tar, pitch and tar, the very smell pollutes the air all around me. I have to counteract it with my snuff, dear Dora.

The lovers wave their handkerchiefs in adieus.

Mother—Dora, you appear to be languid and out of sorts. Come, my dear pet, for a walk amongst those green bushes, it will cheer you up. Come dear, come [leading her off].

[THE CURTAIN DROPS]

SCENE FIVE.

Mother—Now, my dear child, never marry a sailor, they have a wife in every port.

Dora—[imploringly]—Well, my dear mother, who will I marry? You know I'm sweet sixteen to-day. Oh! mother, how I'd like to wash my husband's shirts and jumpers [rubs her knuckles together].

Mother—Jumpers again. I say marry a merchant or a mechanic, for your face is fair enough to gain a millionaire. If the bonanza king of California was single, my dear, he would jump at the chance, and other millionaires as well, but I would prefer him because he has a touch of the Emerald about him [a bell rings]. There, dear, I'll be back by and by [leaves abruptly].

Dora—Well, well, if I take mother's advice I'm afraid I'd be left on the upper shelf, and once there, my lovers wont reach for me. Well, I wont go to a nunnery. I am going to have a husband at all hazards. Let me see, mother says a mechanic or a merchant.

A tinker comes along, singing :

Pots to mend, kettles to mend,
Why don't you come along;
I love the ladies all,
I'll work and sing my song.

Throws down his budget and salutes Miss Dora.

Tinker—Oh! what a pretty flower, and all alone.

Dora—Are you a mechanic, sir?

Tinker—Yes, Miss.

Dora—Oh! I like mechanics.

Tinker—I am a tin-plate worker, but the hood-lums call us tinkers.

Dora—Mother's tea-pot lost its handle; can you mend it?

Tinker—Yes, my dear, I'll put a handle on your tea-pot while a cat would wink.

Dora—Sit down, sir, I'll go for it [exit Dora].

He shouts "pots to mend, kettles to mend" Dora returns. The tinker has another pot just like it in his budget—strikes a match, puts his iron in the portable furnace he carries in his hand, hammers a little, exchanges the pots, jumps up.

Tinker—Now, my dear, was I long?

Dora—No, sir; you are a mechanic I see; here is your money.

Tinker—Oh! bless your little soul, keep the money; a kiss is all I want for that.

Dora—Oh! hands off, sir, you're a stranger.

Tinker—Yes, and you're an angel.

Dora—Oh! don't flatter me now.

Tinker—Its no flattery at all, Miss Dora, although your father and mine kissed the Blarney stone. Well, I'll give you a verse and then I'll go my rounds [sings].

Oh! its pots to mend, kettles to mend,
Why don't you come along;
I'd work a month for nothing,
And sing my love a song.

CHORUS—Pots to mend, etc.

Here's my iron, here's my solder,
My rosin box and tin;
I'd sell them all this minute
For a drop of Holland gin.

CHORUS—Pots to mend, etc.

Oh! I'm a jolly tinker,
I ramble 'round and 'round;
And whenever I get a job, my lads,
I'm willing to sit down.

CHORUS—Pots to mend, etc.

Oh? Dora, you're my darling,
An angel on the wing;
I wish that you were mine, love,
How happy would I sing.

CHORUS—Pots to mend, etc.

Tinker—Well, now I must go; good-by, my sweet violet. I'll give you my budget and all I have in it for one smiling sweet kiss.

Dora shakes hands with him; he kisses it.

Dora—Call again, stranger; you're a mechanic.

Enter mother in a hurry, shaking her stick at the tinker and ordering him off. Exit tinker, bawling “tins to mend, kettles to mend.”

Mother—You didn't let that rough fellow kiss you?

Dora—Oh! no, mother, but he's a mechanic. Didn't he make a nice job on your tea-pot?

Mother—Yes, dear. I must go and make a cup of tea.

Dora—All right, mother. When I marry a merchant we'll all be comfortable [exit mother].

Just then a peddler comes along, playing a tin flute to draw custom; lays his baskets down and salutes Miss Dora.

Peddler—Miss McDermet, I presume?

Dora—Yes, sir. And your name?

Peddler—Here's my card, Ned O'Donohue, I am a nephew of the great merchants of that name in London.

Dora—Oh! yes, take a chair, master Ned. I presume you are a merchant also?

Peddler—Yes, Miss McDermet.

She pulls her chair over beside him and says: “I'm very partial to young merchants”—giggles and laughs a little. He whispers a little love in her ear. She toys with her fan and rubs it over his mustache—he twists it up again with his fingers “It's too bad, master Ned, for me to take that nice curl out of your mustache.” Just then the mother is seen coming—Dora jumps up.

Dora—Here, mother, let me introduce my friend, Mr. O'Donohue, to you. He is a merchant.

Ned picks up his basket and tells Dora to help herself to some candy.

Peddler—Can I sell you some of Barbour's Irish thread.

Mother—[She puts her glasses on and surveys him from head to foot.] I think I know you, my boy. You call yourself a merchant?

Peddler—Don't you see that block of timber—pulling up a block of matches—I'm a small timber merchant.

Mother—Well, get out of here as fast as you can, Ned, the match peddler, who was arrested last week in an opium den.

Peddler sticks his whistle in his mouth and plays "The Girl I Left Behind Me." He plays two bars and the old woman orders him off and rushes after him with her cane raised. Dora rushes to pull her mother back.

[THE CURTAIN DROPS.]

SCENE SIX.

Dora is washing where her lover Dan met her some time ago. Dan has a beautiful suit of clothes on, but hides them under an old miner's suit. Carries a pick on his shoulder and resembles in every way a regular 49er. As he comes on the stage he enquires who lives here now. Dora rushes over to him.

Dora—This is the Widow McDermet's, sir.

Dan—[Pulls his hat off and salutes her.] And you are her pretty daughter.

Dora—[Seems confused, but thinks she knows the voice.] Have you never been here before, sir?

Dan—Well, yes, Miss, many a time. [Dora scans him from head to foot.] Don't you know me, Dora?

Dora—Oh! I know that voice.

Dora springs into his arms. They fondly embrace. Dora puts her handkerchief to her eyes.

Dora—Oh, Dan, my darling, I'm crying with joy to see you!

Dan—Well, Dora, I heard you had many admirers since I went to the mines, and now is it, "When all fruits fail, welcome haws?"

Dora—No, Dan, my darling; I am yours as ever, and have my first and last love for you.

They clasp hands

Dan—I would rather have this small hand of yours and give it one fond clasp than all the wealth of the Bonanza King and the great Ballarat nugget thrown in. Why, I've been over to Tombstone, you little fairy, and made lots of money for you—

Now in New York and London and Paris, too,
We'll roam for pleasure, my Dora, so true;
Now for Hymen's chains and marriage laws,
And "when all fruits fail, you're welcome haws."

Dora—Oh, Dan! you know I'm true to you if you hadn't a cent. It was mother, you know, or else I'd take pleasure in washing your jumpers and keeping your buttons in order.

Enter Mother.

Mother—Ha! ha! there's jumpers again. Who is this you have now? Some old miner, I guess.

Dora—Don't you know him, mother? It's my old lover, Dan; he has been to the mines.

Mother—Oh, been to the mines and, I suppose, come back strapped. Well, I don't want my Dora to wash any miner's jumpers.

Dora (whispering)—Mother, he has struck a bonanza; he is rich.

Mother—Well, Dan, shake hands with your old torment, anyhow. Sure it's myself that always liked the boy. Did I? I guess I did.

Dan—Here's a present for you, mother—a check for \$20,000. Excuse me for calling you mother.

Mother—Oh, yes, my darling boy; sure it's mother-in-law I want you to call me. Here is a Chispa to make a ring for you. Yes, get the ring; get the ring.

Dora and Dan laugh at Mother's great fondness for Dan. Dan throws off the disguise and gives Dora a lovely box of jewels.

Dan—You see, I didn't forget the ring. [Fits the ring on.] There, Dora; run off and change your dress and send a boy for the priest.

Exit Dora.

Dan—Now, mother, you often said, "marry for love and work for riches," but the devil a bit of Dora would you give me, only I happened to strike it.

Mother—Oh! Dan, my son, I was always joking with you. Here's the priest, and here's Dora. Stand in Dan and tie the knot—tie the knot.

All stand around the priest during the marriage ceremony. The groomsman tries to get the first kiss. Dan shoves him aside.

Dan--No other man shall kiss my wife first but me.

Dan and the groomsman jostle about trying to get the first kiss. The priest and the others stand around laughing at the struggle, while the bridesmaids try to pull the groomsman away.

[THE CURTAIN DROPS.]

SCENE SEVEN.

[LAST SCENE.]

The table is decked out gorgeously and the guests all seated. They clink their glasses, and three of the party get up and dance an Irish reel; after which they set down to the table again and enjoy the viands. An old Irishman enters with a pipe in his mouth; a lot of boys follow him. The Boys have a fife and a tin flute, a small drum and tin pans for cymbals. They march in playing "St. Patrick's Day" or "Garryowen." When they finish playing, the old Irishman says that they want to see Mr. O'Neill. Dan steps out and asks the old man what he wants?

Old Man--Oh! sure we came here to honor you, Mr. O'Neill, and that darling little duck of a wife ~~of~~ yours; and its myself that would like to drink both your healths.

Dan puts his hand in his pocket and gives the old man a handful of silver.

Dan--Now get out of my house and treat all the boys.

Old Man--Oh! sure you might be after giving me a little drop--pointing to the table.

Dan picks up the decanter and gives him a drink.

Old Man--Well, here goes that you may never die at all, until a grasshopper can carry you to

the grave, and then, my boy, may you have a jumping funeral [all hands laugh]. Now, my boys, fall into line [they get into line—the old man in front. The ladies give the boys some cakes, which they put in their pockets]. Now start, start the tune up my chickens.

The boys salute the ladies, strike up a lively tune and march off.

Dora—Now, Dan, give us a song as you're up, and then we'll have a dance.

Dan—All right, my dear [sings].

Oh ! I'm one of the boys from Telegraph Hill, for balls and hops and all such pleasure.

Whisky hot or cold, or mashing ladies at my leisure.

One day I met a lady, gay in frills and furs, her manners merry. She mashed me so, I do not know how it happened at Oakland Ferry.

CHORUS—Tural, lural, lural lu,
 Tural, lural, lural ladie.

Oh ! I asked if I might sit down beside her, she was so bewitching.

She said I might if I'd do right, but for a kiss my mouth was itching.

Oh ! wont you be my darling bride, my own dear duck, my artless honey. *She raised her head and the*

CHORUS—Turul, lural, lural lu, *she said. Your just the*
 Tural, lural, lural ladie, *Lad if your got the*
 Hurrah, my boys for wedlock joys, *money;*
 And lots of toys when you're a daddy.

Oh ! we scarcely had been married a year, my darling dear hung up her fiddle.

Her tongue so long, it went ding dong; if I'm not wrong, 'twas hung in the middle.

She smashed the chairs, upset the stove; two little twins in the cradle screeches.

She knocked me out in the very first bout, saying I'm the woman that wears the breeches.

CHORUS—As before.

Oh! when I was a single man I lived high on the best of dishes,
But now I'm a married man, and my dear wife she wears the breeches.
My life is rough, my dishes tough; I've a thousand woes I count in niches.
My wife she crows; my blood it flows when she shouts she wears the breeches.

CHORUS—As before.

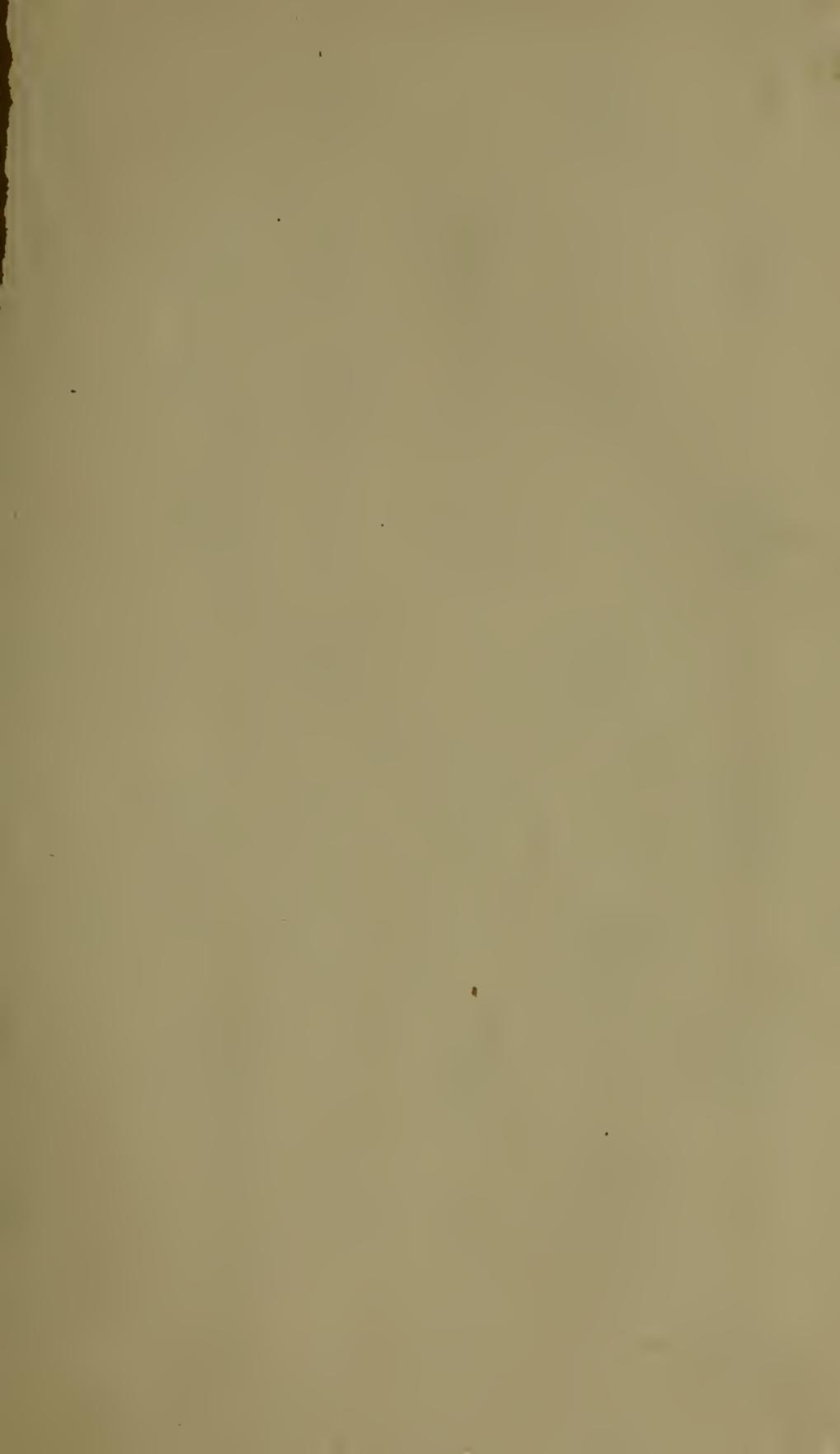
Now all young California boys, when your big hearts feel loving twitches,
Choose a country maid, don't be afraid, they are never made to wear the breeches.
I'll have a divorce, why yes, of course; and then my sad heart it may grow merry.
But I'll never forget the day I met my darling pet at Oakland Ferry.

CHORUS—As before.

After the song all join in dancing, and at its conclusion they form line and facing the audience. The curtain drops and the play is finished.











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